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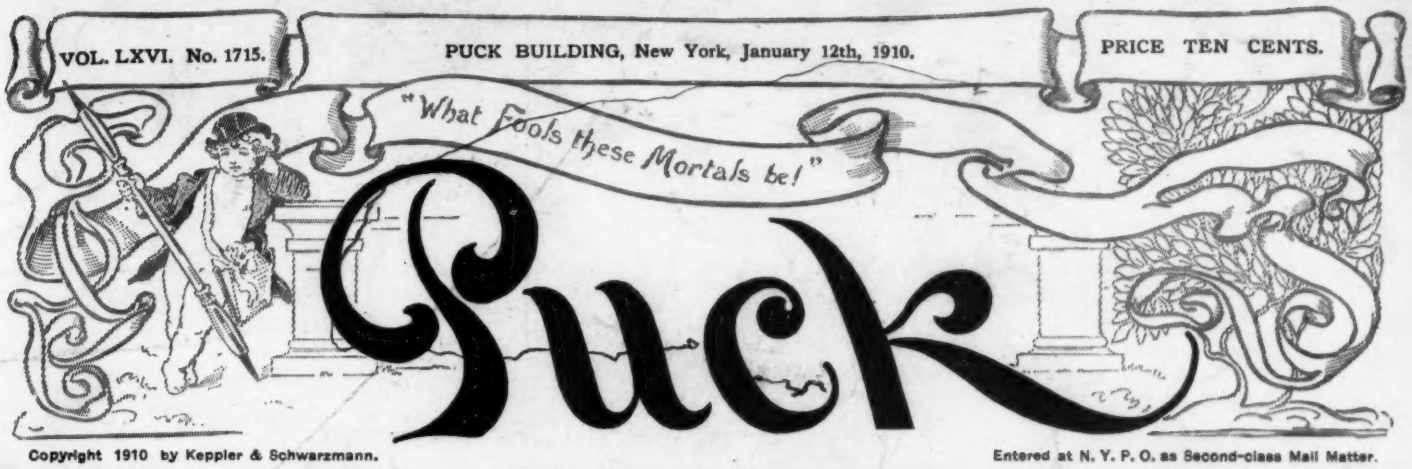

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THE PUCK PRESS

THE FARE SEX.

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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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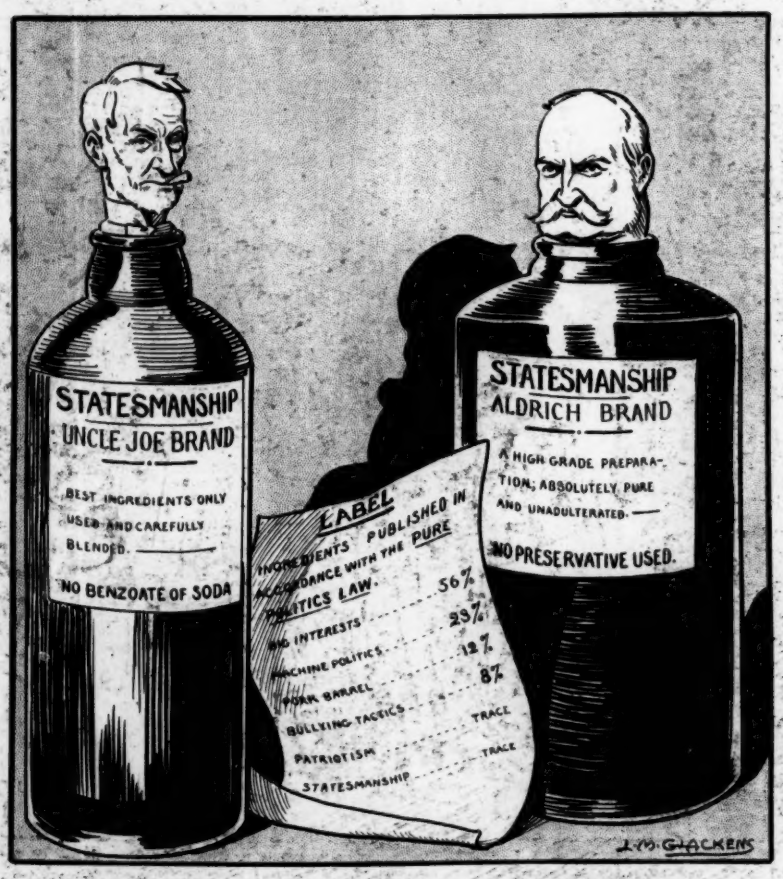
Cartoons and Comments

ALAS, POOR INITIATIVE! THAT celebrated sense of humor, to which from time to time we have alluded in these columns, is presumed to be evenly apportioned among the American population. It is the boasted heritage of the proudest American patrician and the humblest American plebeian. Everybody has it—sometimes more of it than is good for him. Only upon occasion does the lack of it crop out, and when it does, as in the case we cite, the exception is more striking than the rule. When Monopoly, that commercial FRANKENSTEIN, drives an independent producer out of business; when it ruins him by settling next door and giving goods away; when, conspiring with a railroad, it crushes the small shipper by means of the secret rebate; when it grabs natural resources, ore, water, and timber, and holds them out of use so that no rival may gain a foothold; when it consolidates competitors and throws salesmen by hundreds out of employment; when it tosses aside as worn out and useless men who are not yet old; when it does these things and more, what, meanwhile, are the chiefs of Monopoly saying? If they possessed that celebrated American sense of humor, of course, they couldn't say it. The very idea would seem so irresistibly funny to them that it is doubtful if they could talk at all without choking. But, with their sense of humor dead or dormant, they can turn to the people and say without cracking a quiver of a smile: "The trouble, my friends, with Socialism is that it would destroy initiative. It would take away your ambitions. It would rob you of opportunity." PUCK is not an advocate of Socialism, but, as we say in the caption to the center-page cartoon, this paper finds some grim humor in Monopoly's argument against it.



THEN WE'LL KNOW WHAT WE'RE GETTING.

WHISKY DOES N'T NEED NEW LABELS HALF SO MUCH AS THESE BOTTLES DO, MR. PRESIDENT.

IT was a foolish waste of time—that inquiry by the Stock Exchange Governors into the rocket-like rise and fall of Rock Island Common. That the stock was manipulated in the interest of gamblers, and that a lot of money was won and lost in twenty minutes, were obvious enough for anybody; but morally it is no worse to manipulate a stock for twenty minutes than for twenty hours or twenty days. Stocks are manipulated, whether for hours, days, or weeks, for one prime purpose, and that is to make money through deception. If a stock is boosted or manipulated upward as Rock Island was, it is a scandal and the Stock Exchange investigates. If stocks are boosted or manipulated upward over a period of weeks in order to make the public bite, it is a bull movement, an era of optimism, and everybody is happy—till the slump. If one is right, both are.

IN this MORSE affair there are two things which are worth remembering. One is that MORSE in all likelihood never would have plunged into the banking depths had he not made a fortune in American Ice. The other is that MORSE wouldn't have made such a fortune in Ice had he not been able to purchase from the Tammany plunderbund, with blocks of stock, dock and other privileges to the exclusion of all competitors. MORSE got his first big start through his partnership with Tammany—that vicious alliance between Privilege and Politics which flourishes the country over, from Town Hall to Senate Chamber.

IF CHARLES H. HYDE cannot make the post of City Chamberlain a live municipal office, then nobody can, and the job had better be revised out of the Charter.

Metamorphosed

She loosened down her lovely hair,—
  Her hair that was her own,
And bodice, girdle, flounce, and lace
  To right and left were thrown.
In simplest gown of ample fold
  She wrapped her beauty rare —
Each jeweled trinklet cast aside,
  And — oh, but she was fair!
Among the pillows of her lounge
  She lay, to read and rest,
Fairer than ever eyes of men
  Had seen her — at her best!

But when her maid, with timid knock,
  Brought in a card of white,
She to her mirror flew and cried:
  "Oh, I am *such* a fright!"
And then with corset, belt, and stock,
  And combs, and all the game
Of puffs and prinks, she strove in haste
  To make herself that same!

Madeline Bridges.

SPOILED THE STORY.

Tattered Terry.—I 'm a newspaper man, but I can't get a job.
Lady of the House.—Indeed! Why not?
Tattered Terry.— Yer see, I saved a train from a terrible accident once, and all de editors have been sore on me ever since!

JUSTICE, JUST AND UNJUST.

Everyone admits that there is plenty of justice floating around. Every one of us, moreover, stands ready and willing to dispense justice with a generous hand, alike upon the just and the unjust. There are no exceptions to this. But none of us will admit that he is receiving all the justice that he is justly entitled to.

Some may wonder at the apparent inconsistency in our being able to give away so much justice when we receive so little in return; that is, in our having so little when so much is sent in our direction. But that is neither an anomaly nor a paradox; it is merely a figure of speech—oratorical license, as it were.

That 's the trouble with justice. In the abstract it is absolutely and unqualifiedly all right, but it is not equitably distributed. Just when we need it the most it is off on a vacation, not to return until we have found an unjust substitute.

Such a substitute usually takes the form of a compromise which is in fact a mild form of justice, but the trouble with a compromise is that it is not so just even as unjust justice.

The blame for all this lies somewhere between the politicians and the lexicographers.

Ellis O. Jones.

THE HATEFUL CHAPERON.

Drawn by Our Suffragette Artist.

Wages have gone up enormously in the 2,000 years of the Christian era. The Judas who can be hired for thirty pieces of silver these days is n't worth his salt.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF IN SOCIETY.

THE FASHIONABLE CHILD TRIES TO FIND HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

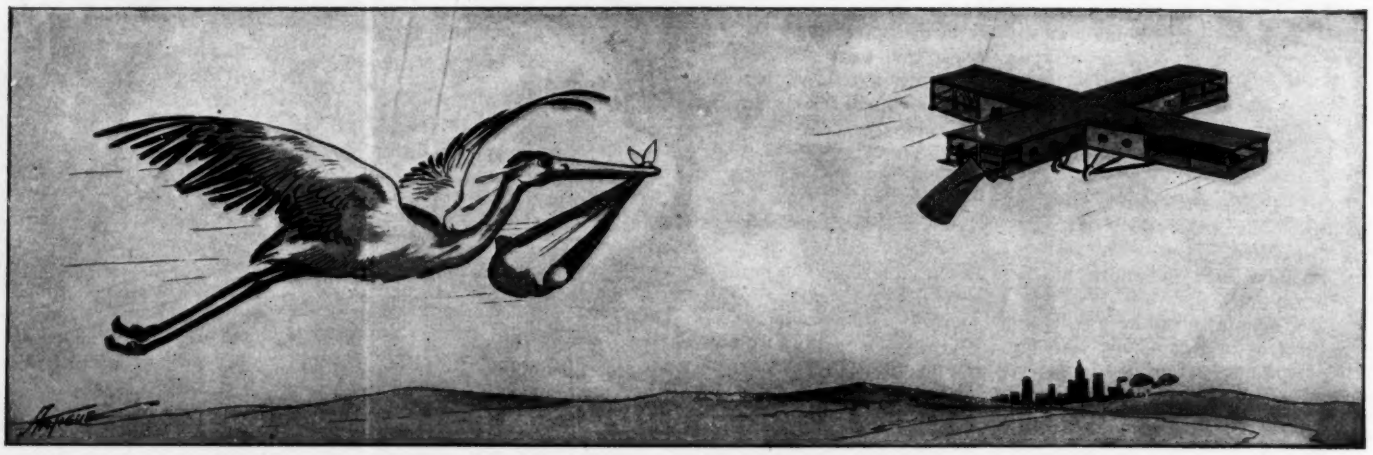
A MESSAGE TO HER HUSBAND.

GIVE me Main 345 ring two. Hello there! Is this Mr. Smythe's office? Is he in? No? Who is this? His stenographer? Yes, I thought it was, but somehow your voice doesn't seem quite natural over the 'phone. But then, one's voice hardly ever does sound natural over a 'phone—so sort of burry or harsh. Well, all I wanted was to send a little message to my husband, and you will do quite as well as if he were there. I hardly expected to find him there, for I remember that when he went away this morning he said that he would have to be out most of the morning. All I wanted was to send him a little message that you can give him just as well as if he were there for me to give it to him. We had planned to meet in the lobby of the Asburia Hotel at three this afternoon and go together to see some painting he wants to see—I forget what painting it is, but it is one he thinks is very fine and he wants to see it again. He is a great lover of art and knows so much more about it than I do. He can point out the fine points that I never would notice. I suppose that is because one of his brothers is a very successful artist—oh, very successful. He has had paintings hung 'on the line,' you know, and an own cousin of my husband's is also very successful as a portrait painter, so he is a great deal better versed in art than I am, and that is why I want him with me when we see the painting. Have you seen it? No? Well, you may tell my husband that I rang you up and told you to tell him that I think we'd better meet in the waiting-room of Brown & Simpson's department store instead of at the hotel, because I find that I have an errand up that way and it is only a few minutes' walk from Brown & Simpson's to where the painting is, and it is quite a long distance from the hotel, and we would have to take a car, and you know how the cars are—so crowded. Of course we could take a taxicab, but that costs so much and the drivers cheat you if they possibly can, and I think that they are dreadfully uncomfortable things to ride in anyhow, and if we meet at Brown & Simpson's we need n't take anything, and as I have to be up that way anyhow it is altogether better that we meet there, so when my husband returns I wish you would kindly tell him that I rang you up and that I will be in the waiting-room at Brown & Simpson's at three or as near that time as I can. It may be a few minutes later, or I may get there a little before three; but what I want him to know is that he is to meet me there instead of at the hotel as we had at first planned, and of course if he does n't know that I have changed my mind about the place of meeting he will go to the hotel and I'll not be there. So when my husband comes in I wish you would not fail to tell him that I rang you up and—— Well, if they haven't cut me off! If that is n't smart! I don't see much use in having a telephone if one can't send a little message over the wire without being cut off. I shall enter complaint about that. I doubt if that stupid stenographer got my message clear in her mind. My husband says she is awfully dense sometimes. I'll just ring her up later and see if she understood me.

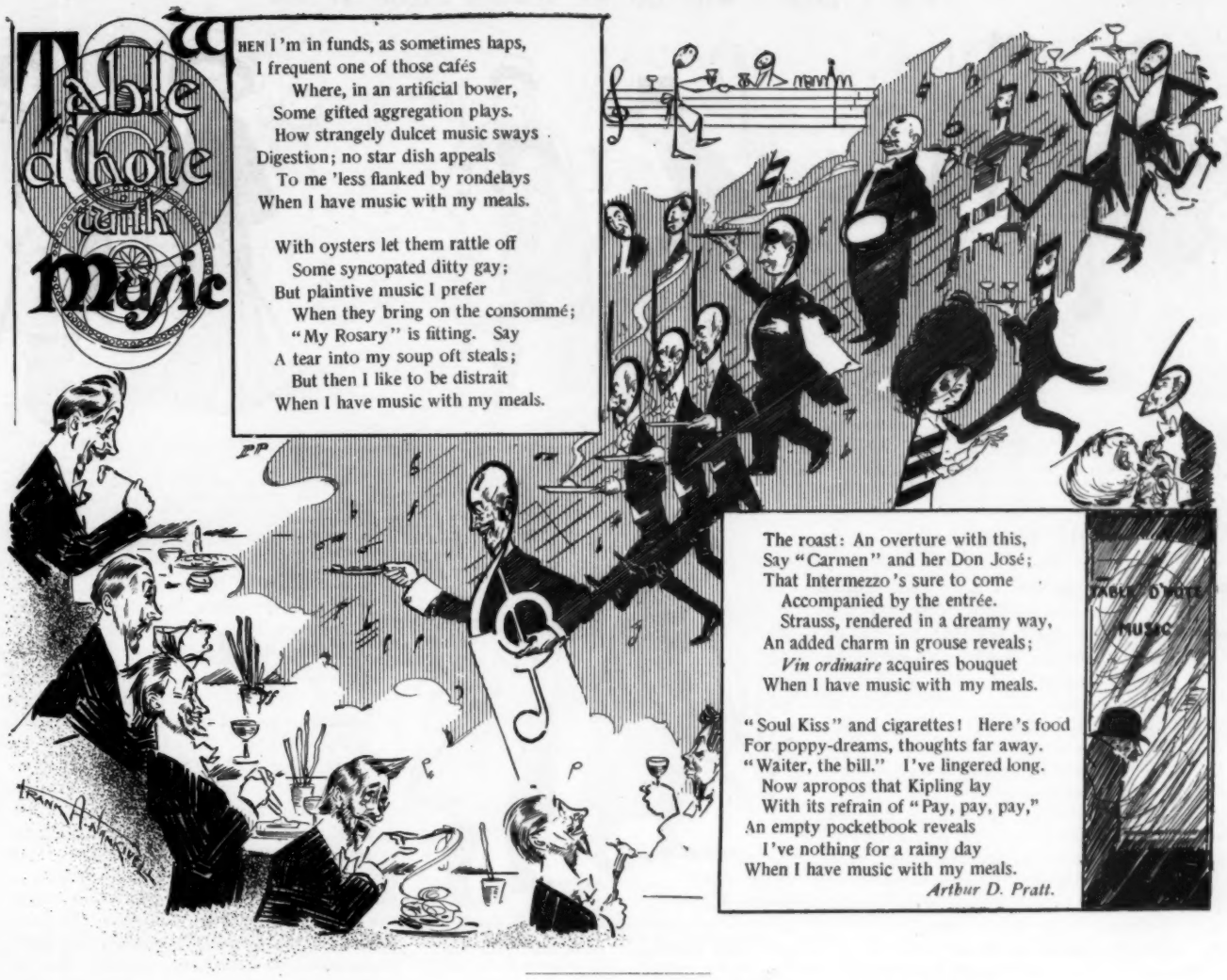
Max Merryman.

THE FINGERGRAPH.

Some photographer will make a big hit and get lots of swell business by introducing it.



"GEE WHIZ! I'VE BEEN CHASING THAT HOUSE FOR TWO DAYS NOW!"

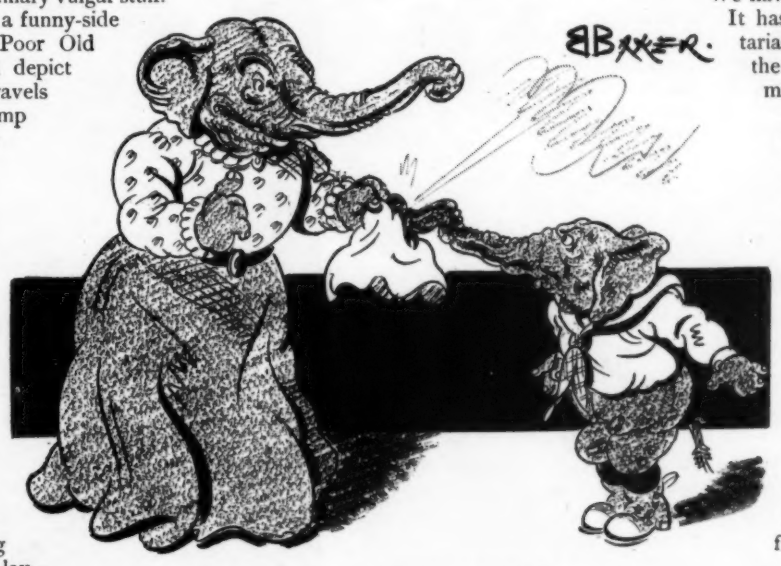


HINTS FOR COMIC ILLUSTRATORS.

THERE'S an absolutely new idea for the funny side of any Sunday newspaper. Name of series: "Heavy-Handed Harry." Harry is so strong in his hands that everything that he takes hold of he crushes or breaks. Catches hold of his son's head and squeezes it flat like a pancake; catches his wife's arm, it breaks in two, etc. This is a high-class idea for artists seeking something away from the ordinary vulgar stuff.

Here's another idea for a funny-side series. Name of series: "Poor Old Mother Earth." Series will depict Mother Earth in her travels through space. Comets bump her, other stars laugh at her size, pull her hair (the sky-scrapers), push the sun away from her to make her cold, etc. Fine idea for illustrators wanting something not too fantastical.

Still another funny-side idea. Name of series: "And Its Cute Cognomen was Ratty!" Here we have a rat with the brains of a human being. "Ratty" gets back at everybody for mistreating him. People in the house put out rat poison for Ratty and he puts it in their breakfast food, killing them all off. Other people lay traps for him, and in return he scares their babies into the fire, etc. This series would please the children.



A COLD IN THE JUNGLE.

MRS. ELLY.—Oh, Jumbo, I *do* wish you 'd learn to blow your nose yourself!

THE DANGER OF VEGETARIANISM.

THE subject of Economics is an intricate one. A case in point: Hitherto we have always looked upon vegetarianism as lying almost wholly within the realm of hygiene and dietetics. So far as the rest of us are concerned, we have considered vegetarians as harmless. If they wished to forego the delights of a luscious piece of porter-house, why naturally that was their business.

We have been egregiously in error. It has been discovered that vegetarians are a serious menace to the peace and prosperity of modern society.

This is the way: By abstaining from meat, not only do they injure the meat business directly, but by thus diminishing the incentive for killing cattle the cost of producing hides is increased, and the disaster ultimately comes home to us all in the shape of enhanced shoe bills.

Thus we may see how inextricably bound up together are the stomach and the pedal extremities, and it may become necessary to legislate against vegetarianism to keep the whole world from getting cold feet.

A SPENDTHRIFT lover often makes a miserly husband.

A person who is very set in his way has to stumble over himself to get anywhere.

IT'S A SHAME! WHY DO WE ALWAYS LAUGH AT HIM?

MR. WALKER *(meeting* MRS. GROUCH).—Your cold is no better, you say? That 's too bad! I 'm *very* sorry to hear it. That 's right! It *does* make one feel miserable all over, etc., etc.

MR. WALKER *(meeting* OLD MAN BENTUPP).—Well, how 's your rheumatism? Still with you? Well, that 's a shame! No relief? You certainly have had your share, etc., etc.

MR. WALKER *(meeting* MRS. PEEVISH).—Out again, are you? Mighty glad to see you on your feet again. You sure have had a hard time with that malaria. I was getting worried about you, etc., etc.

IN THE SUBSEQUENT.

(From The Semi-Hourly Orb, 2010.)

THE revolt against Uncle Joe Cannon continues with unabated fury, and it is confidently predicted that he will be ousted from the Speakership within the next twenty-five years.

A petrified horse in an excellent state of preservation has just been exhumed from the ruins of Indianapolis. In ancient times the horse was used by a certain class of literary men for gambling purposes.

Moe Elginbaum, the last of the old-school Irish character actors, has been graciously commanded to appear before King Dennis IV. of Hibernia. His Majesty expresses a lively curiosity to see what the old-time Irishman really looked like.

Wealthy farmers in the Republic of Siberia have just captured another of the few remaining Grand Dukes. These persons, a pest and terror in the days of the Empire, are now but pitiful, starving imbeciles, incapable of hurting others or of helping themselves.

Intense excitement is at this moment raging in New York over the discovery of a business man who is not of Jewish extraction. How he so long managed to escape detection has not yet been ascertained. His health is in a precarious condition, and upon his demise he will be mummified and placed in the Hall of Ethnological Wonders.

As we go to press, a surgeon is being executed by vaporization in Xkakiqxkikqi, Province of Yucatan, for the barbarous offense of operating on a poor Peon for appendicitis. Eminent alienists had pronounced the surgeon an irresponsible pyromaniac, but as foolishness is no longer regarded as a sufficient excuse for crime, the Committee of Common Sense refused to grant him a reprieve.

Professor Clarence Herbert Windiddy, of Dustbin College, attempts, in an absurd article in this month's *Century Magazine*, out ten minutes ago, to prove that Willie Tahft, who was President of the old Republic for one term a hundred years ago, had a spine. Our educators should not aspire to humor. The best historians are agreed that the most abject apologists for President Tahft could point with pride to nothing but his smile.

A well-known statistician declares that the revolution which has been going on for many years in the Province of Venecaragua threatens to come to an end within the present decade, owing to lack of material. Both armies are now reduced almost entirely to Generals, and they will not fight. Thus is again shown the wisdom of President Theodore Roosevelt II., who fifty years ago ordered that the province be enclosed within a wall of sentries and allowed to yell and pull hair to exhaustion.

A weird specimen of humanity has just been arrested in Cosmopolis, while wandering in the vicinity of the capitol with his mouth open. He is being eagerly inspected by ethnologists, who declare that his peculiar dialect warrants the theory that he is the last troglodyte left of all the hordes that once infested the Province of Arkansas. Color is lent to this assumption by his apparent belief that Andrew Jackson is still a candidate for the Presidency. He seems unable to remember how he came to be in Mexico at all, and professes never to have heard of the United States of North and South America, and to imagine

MR. WALKER *(meeting* DR. PELLETTS).—Hello, Doc! What 's the matter—Ha, Ha!—with your neck? Carbuncle? Oh, Ho, Ho, Ho! Gee, it 's tough when a doctor has to know how it is himself! Hee, Hee, Hee! Gee-whiz! You certainly have my—Ha, Ha, Ha!—sympathy!

WHAT 'S—

This man, being in the pugilist business, is known as Young Cassidy!

—IN A NAME.

While *this* man, being in the theatrical business, is known as Morris Rosenstein!

A BRAND-NEW IDEA.

WOMAN OF THE SLUMS *(at window of fashionable photographer)*.—Gee, Maggie! They mus' love *their* kids same as we do ourn!

Grace is something from which a few fall and a great many are pushed.

IF IT HAD THE POWER OF SPEECH.

HIS FRIENDS SAY OF HIM THAT "HE CAN MAKE A PIANO TALK."

that the village of Washington, in the ancient District of Columbia, is still the capital of the old United States.

Fifteen minutes ago the All-American Museum received a fine specimen of forest tree, a species hitherto supposed by scientists to be extinct. This specimen measures eleven inches tall, and was discovered by ex-President Roosevelt while hunting at the South Pole. In this connection it is worth remembering that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President Kermit Roosevelt, and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt II., great-grandfather, grandfather, and father of ex-President Kermitibald Roosevelt, all were mighty hunters. President Quintodore Roosevelt announces that as soon as his present term of office expires he will spend a year on Mars, hunting marsaugers. His eldest son, Archodore Quintibald Roosevelt, has already evidenced sportsmanesque skill and Presidential aspirations.

Tom P. Morgan.

CHICAGO TRIOLET.

He lives by his pen,
And his profits are big.
They should n't be when
He lives by his pen;
I admit it. But then
He raises the pig!
He lives by his pen,
And his profits are big.

S. S. Stinson.

IMPRACTICAL.

It is a pretty philosophy which bids us always to see a man's good qualities first—pretty, but not practical. For if we should see men's good qualities first, we should n't deem their bad qualities worth mentioning, whereupon some two-thirds of of our conversation would be done away with. Certainly we can't abide that—as it is we don't find enough to talk about unless we are more bookish than many of us care to be.

AMPLE PROOF.

LOTTIE.—Is your young minister so very, very fascinating?

HATTIE.—Fascinating! Why, lots of girls in our church have married men they *hated*, just to get one kiss from the rector after the ceremony.

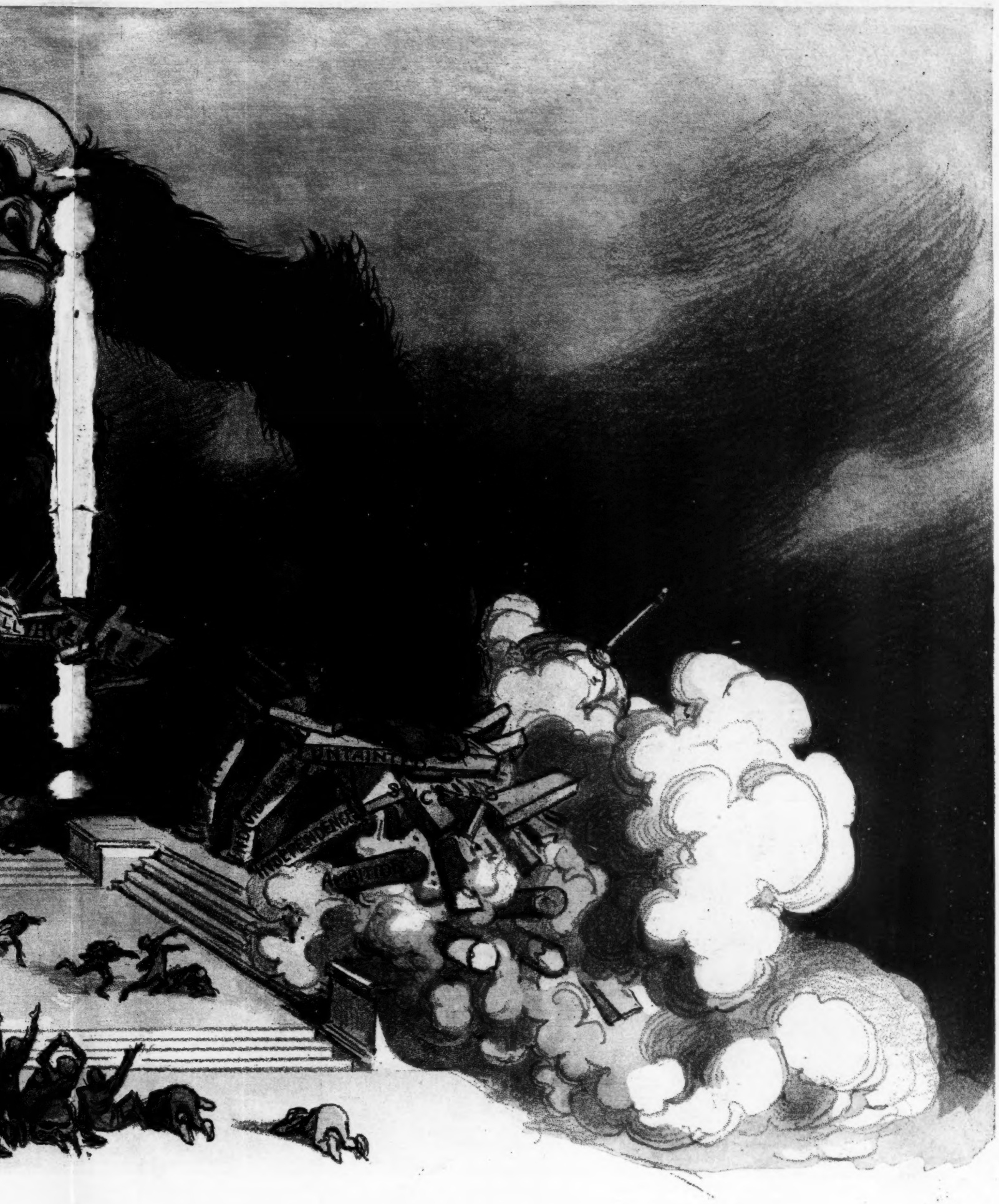
THEY HAD SPORT REFORMERS EVEN IN THOSE DAYS.

AS IS INDICATED BY THE ABOVE MURAL PAINTING LATELY DUG OUT OF AN ASH-DUMP AT POMPEII.

THE PUCK PRESS

"THE TROUBLE, MY FRIENDS, WITH SOCIALISM

PUCK IS NOT AN ADVOCATE OF SOCIALISM, BUT HE FINDS SOME



OCIALISM IS THAT IT WOULD DESTROY INITIATIVE."

T HE FINDS SOME GRIM HUMOR IN MONOPOLY'S ARGUMENT AGAINST IT.

UNRECORDED HISTORY.—V.

THE HANGING ROOF-GARDENS OF BABYLON.

MADRID.

ACCORDING TO THE ANTICIPATIONS OF THE AMERICAN TOURIST.

LET'S PRETEND.

LET's pretend that you and I
Love each other—"true as true"—
It's a joyous game to try,—
Let's pretend!

I'll be lover-like, and you,—
You'll return me sigh for sigh,
Kiss for kiss,—as sweethearts do,—
Let's pretend!

If we find, as time slips by,
That our play's in earnest, too,
All the better. Meanwhile, why
Let's pretend!

Berton Braley.

BABY'S PICTURE.

WILLIS.—What! Your kid is three years old and has never had his picture taken?

GILLIS.—No. The first couple of years the photographs are all baby and no clothes, and after that they are all clothes and no baby.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

IT'S ALL very well to say that we should see America first, but does a fellow really see America until he has been through the Custom House? Lacking that strenuous experience, does he get the scales rightly struck from his eyes?

The common notion used to be that nothing so informed a man as going abroad. And if you count coming home as a part of going abroad, there's something in it still.

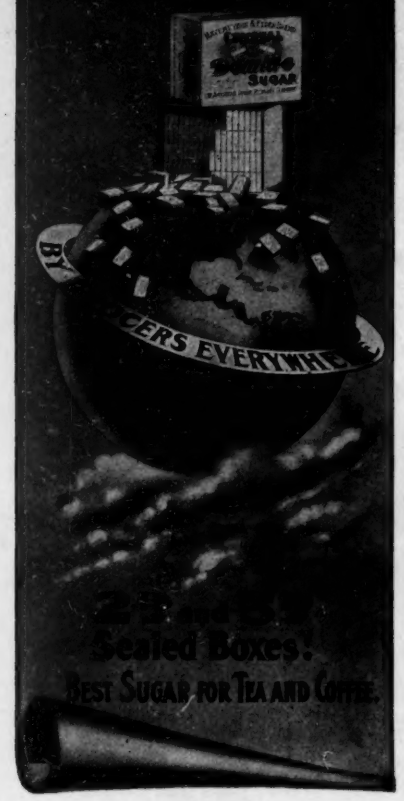
LOVE is woman's whole existence, so it is no wonder mere man gets most sadly left when he tries to play the game with her.

THE BRAINS OF THE BUSINESS.

MRS. HOMEBODY.—Will you clean off steps and walk for twenty cents?

APPLICANT FOR WORK.—Me *boys* will, mum; *I'm* the business manager.

CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR



White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

YOUNG WOMAN *(adoringly)*. — It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—oh—everything!

YALE SENIOR. — It is. — *Yale Courant.*

SMITH *(at the club)*.—Yes, by Jove! There 's very little you can teach *me*. I 've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything!

THE SCOTCH MEMBER. — Young man, did you ever have D. T's?

SMITH.—D. T's! Great Scott, no!

THE SCOTCH MEMBER. — Then ye've seen nowt!—*Sketch.*

A SWEET MOMENT.

Cy Warman's young son had been naughty and had been sent to bed supperless.

Presently, when Mrs. Warman was n't looking, Cy slipped upstairs and whispered through the door of the boy's room: "Son, could you eat some honey in the comb?"

"Dad," the boy said, "I could eat it in the brush."—*Sat. Ev'g Post.*

AT THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

One afternoon Francis Wilson was sipping lime-juice with several brethren of the buskin, when John Drew sauntered up to the group.

"Hello, Wilson," he said, "here you are again with your little coterie."

"Yes," returned Wilson, smoothing his vest, "and with my little vestry and pantry too."—*Lippincott's.*

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KEEPING SCORE.

AFRICAN TOURIST. — What is the meaning of the chalk marks on their backs?

INNKEEPER.—Oh, that marks up on each one how many mugs he has had.

—*Fliegende Blätter*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

A San Francisco mother-in-law went to the Orient and, coming back, was caught trying to smuggle in a lot of choice silks.

She had to pay duty and a fine. Then there was talk of a criminal action to follow.

Her son-in-law called on the customs officials. "Is it possible," he asked in a severe tone, "that after my mother-in-law has paid the duty on the stuff and her fine that you contemplate criminal action?"

"We are considering it," the customs official replied gravely.

"And if my mother-in-law were to be convicted, as she probably would be, she would have to go to jail?"

"I think so."

"Do you mean to tell me you intend to do this thing to a woman—a lady who has already expiated her fault and recompensed the Government?"

"I do; but look here, old chap, don't take this too hard. I've got to do my duty, you know. Don't feel so badly about it."

"Badly?" shouted the son-in-law. "Why, my dear sir, this is the first gleam of sunshine that has entered my home in twenty years." — *Saturday Evening Post.*

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ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Gladys," said her stern father, "I am shocked! I actually saw you kiss that tall young man with the long hair."

"Well, papa, he's an author," spoke up Miss Gladys, with a pout.

"And what has that to do with it?"

"Why, papa, did n't you say with your own lips that young authors should be encouraged!"—*Chicago News.*

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NOT ALL GUILTY.

"Move inside, gents," cried the conductor on the crowded trolley, "ye're breakin' the rules standin' on the platform here."

"Some o' them ain't," piped up a little man; "they're standin' on my feet."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"WHAT's that party kicking about?" said one New Yorker.

"Oh, he's one of those guys who are lucky and don't know it," replied the other. "He came here on a round-trip ticket from Philadelphia and lost the return coupon."—*Washington Star.*

HER FATHER *(irately).*—Young man, do you know that you've been calling on my daughter since seven o'clock?

TARRYING YOUTH.—Yes, but she has been sitting on my hat for the last three hours and I did n't want to tell her.

HER FATHER.—Then, hereafter, don't keep your hat in your lap. Hang it on the rack in the hall.—*Circle Magazine.*

YOUNG FEATHERLEY.—Of Shakespeare's plays I think I prefer "Richelieu."

MISS CLARA.—Er—but Shakespeare did not write "Richelieu."

YOUNG FEATHERLEY *(with an amused smile).*—Ah, I see, Miss Clara, you are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled?—*New York Times.*

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BEER
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Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct

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—*Lustige Blätter.*

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STAGGERING.

SUFFRAGETTE.—What is a party without women?

MERE MAN *(flippantly)*.—A stag party.

SUFFRAGETTE.—Exactly. And what, sir, would this nation be without women but stagnation?—*Christian Register.*

MR. LINGERLONG.—I had a queer adventure this afternoon——

MISS DE MUIR *(with a swift glance at the clock)*.—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume?—*Chicago Tribune.*

FIRST PRIZE.

MILLY.—Kitty got the prize for a dinner at our cooking-class.

TILLY.—How proud she must be! What is it?

MILLY.—A most useful book, "First Aid to the Injured."—*Catholic News.*

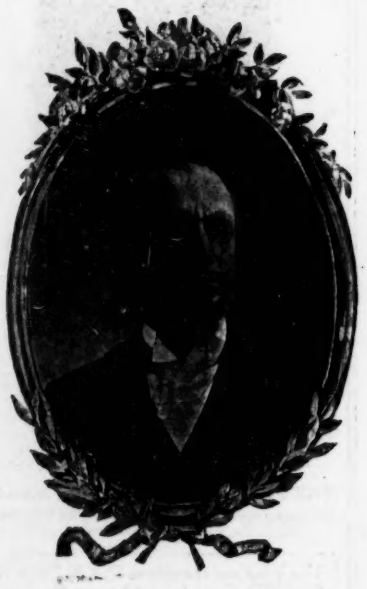
"AND this," said the young man, who was showing his country relatives through the Museum of Art, "is a replica of the Venus de Milo."

"Gosh," said his Uncle Amasa, "she was a good-looker, all right. Wa'n't never married, was she?"

"No, I don't think she ever was."

"I s'pose, bein' armless, and not havin' a husband to hook up her clo's, she simply had to dress that way, no matter whether she liked it or not?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

BUNNER'S Short Stories



SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers. —*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

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IN CHICAGO.

VISITOR *(from Pittsburg)*.—I understand that you always have to boil the water here before you drink it?

CHICAGO MAN.—Yes.

VISITOR *(from Pittsburg)*.—Oh well, give me a bottle of beer.—*Somerville Journal.*

NEAR THE END.

"Hello Thirty-nine!" said the first messenger-boy to the other, who was just starting out with a message, "how far have yer got ter go?"

"Oh," replied Thirty-nine, pulling out his book, "on'y about six chapters. I 'm just where handsome Harry gits on the villain's trail."—*Cath. Standard.*

Evans' Ale

Keeps you in good humor by keeping you in good health. Puts you in right relation with your stomach, upon which the pleasure of living depends. Live the happy life.

In Splits if Desired.

Clubs, Restaurants, Saloons, Oyster Houses and Dealers.

MRS. JONES *(convulsed by the Vicar's comic song)*.—Deary me! I'm sure 'e's a wonderful man for a parson. Nobuddy could n't call *'im* tight-laced!

—*Punch.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

DURING THE SIREN YELL.

FIRST LABORER.—How do you like them college boys' yells?

SECOND DITTO.—I got docked an hour yesterday, taking it for the quit whistle.—*Punch Bowl.*

RULING PASSION.

"I knew Butts's smoking would get him into trouble."

"Well?"

"At his wedding, when it came to the ring part, he reached into his pocket and handed the minister a match."—*Princeton Tiger.*

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Colonel Peterby met his colored gardener, Jim Webster. Jim had been recently married.

"How do you like matrimony?" asked Colonel Peterby.

Jim shook his head dubiously.

"What 's the matter?"

"Yer see, boss, before we were married, when I knocked at de dore she used ter say: 'Am dat you, honeysuckle?' Now when I come home she bawls out: 'Clean off dem boots before you comes in dat dore, you black moke!'"

—*Baltimore News.*

Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON **Cigarettes**

The one smoke that always "shows class."

CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c.

AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c.

"The Little Brown Box"

DAUGHTER.—Mamma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night.

MOTHER.—Did you accept him, daughter?

DAUGHTER.—Yes, mamma.

MOTHER.—Has he any money, daughter?

DAUGHTER.—Only eighteen hundred dollars a year, mamma.

MOTHER.—Well, daughter, handle him carefully till Spring. Possibly you can pick up something better during the Winter.—*Washington Critic.*

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IN vain they told the heiress that the duke was an impostor and worse. "Why," said a friend, "I have read there is a price upon his head." But the heiress, all serene, only answered: "I have the price!"—*Young's Magazine.*

RUDYARD KIPLING slandered woman by defining her as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," but, according to the *Springfield Republican*, a Lonaconing lady, seven years married, gets back rhythmically with this synopsis of a man: "A jag and a drone and a tank of air."—*Rochester Times.*

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c & 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 905 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

PENSIONED AND RETIRED.

PUCK has pensioned and retired a long list of old jokes. They have rendered good service, but their day is done. They may continue working for other humorous papers, less exacting in their requirements than this one, but they cannot work longer for PUCK. They have earned the right to rest. They include—

The Mother-in-Law Joke.
The Office-Boy-Ball-Game - Grandmother's-Funeral Joke.
The Jag-Coming-Home-to-Wife Joke.
The Jew-Setting-Fire-to-His-Store Joke.
The Inane He-and-She Joke.
The Boarding-House-Grub Joke.
The Actors-Walking-Home Joke.
The Saloon-Sidedoor-and-Cop Joke.
The Father - Kicking - Out - Daughter's-Lover Joke.
The Cannibals - Cooking - Missionary Joke.
The Man-Under-Busted-Auto Joke.
The Billygoat-and-Tin-Can Joke.
The Spring-Poet-Editor Joke.
The Farmer - Bunco-Steerer - Gold-Brick Joke.
The Wife - Waiting - for - Husband - with-Rolling-Pin Joke.
The Jew-Failure Joke.
The Southern-Colonel-Rum Joke.
The Cowboy-Tenderfoot-Dance Joke.
The Coon-and-Razor Joke.
The Young-Wife's-First-Biscuits Joke.
The Tramp-Afraid-of-Water Joke.
The Scanty-Bathing-Suit Joke.
The St.-Patrick's-Day-Orangeman Joke.
The Fourth-of-July-Battered-Kid Joke.
The Fisherman-Liar Joke.
The Dime-Novel-Messenger-Boy Joke.
The Servant-Girl-Broken-China Joke.
The Farmer-Blowing-Out-Gas Joke.
The Despotic - Janitor - Timid - Tenant Joke.
The Chorus - Girl-Stage - Door - Johnny Joke.
The Manless-Summer-Hotel Joke.
The Tramp-and-Bull-Dog Joke.
The Old-Maid-and-Man-Under-Bed Joke.
The Coon-and-Chicken-Coop Joke.
The Walking-the-Baby-at-Night Joke.
The Suburban-Borrowers Joke.
The Appendicitis-Big-Doctor's-Bill Joke.
The Pittsburgh-Smoke Joke.
The Chicago-Big-Feet Joke.
The Sleepy-Philadelphia Joke.

You don't need to be told where you can find these jokes. They have numerous abiding places. But if you'd like something new for a change—something not made in a mould or with a stencil—PUCK will give it to you.

DON'T wait to be asked: "Did you see that joke in PUCK*?" Get* PUCK *yourself and ask the other fellow.*

ANOTHER word as to PUCK'S cartoons: When PUCK made its first appearance, back in 1877, cartoons were a novelty in the United States.

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10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & $1.00 Bottles.

They could be found only in PUCK and in one or two of PUCK'S weekly contemporaries. Now almost every daily paper in the country has its own or "syndicated" cartoons, and the cartoon is a novelty no longer. Cartoons, to attract in these days, must have merit above the ordinary—merit in point, in strength, in sincerity. If to these be added skill in draughtsmanship and skill in printing, so much the better. PUCK offers you all these qualities in its cartoon pages and this fact in addition—that it tries to be fair as well as strong.

A CANDIDATE whom PUCK did *not* support for office wrote to us as follows after a recent election:

"I want to thank you for the support given by PUCK during the campaign. I do not mean to say that it has been a thick-and-thin supporter, but the tenor of its editorials and its cartoons have been in line with the fight that we have been making against entrenched privilege. The difference between PUCK and —— has been so great that I feel constrained to express my appreciation of the fairness which you have shown.

"Very truly yours,

—— ——."

IN regard to cartoons, PUCK is politically independent and fearless. There is no "skeleton in its closet." It has no immune list of men and subjects which, for "business" reasons, must never be mentioned. It does not, through its cartoons, excuse and defend in one political party what it would condemn unsparingly in another. No machine, political or private, has a voice in its management, and its cartoonists in consequence work with free hands. Their advantage over those whose hands are tied is obvious. Also important. PUCK'S readers get the benefit.

SEE "Pinchot's Inferno" by Keppler, and "Sifting the Dirt" by Glackens, cartoons in our issue of January 19th.

PUCK : AMERICA :: PUNCH : ENGLAND

THE SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER.

"Wear a pleasant expression, please. Think of something agreeable; your possible divorce, for example."

—*Lustige Woche.*

THE COWARDLY EGG.

"When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "someone hurled a base, cowardly egg at me, and it struck me on the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."—*Everybody's.*

"DID you ever stop to think, my dear," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?"

"Will you be so kind," said Mrs. Micawber, straightening up, "as to tell me whether you are speaking of the salad or of me, sir?"—*Tit-Bits.*

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The antiseptic powder to Shake into your Shoes, for Tired, Aching Feet. Always use it for Breaking in New Shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25 cents. Do not accept a substitute.

This signature Allen S. Olmsted on every box.

For FREE Trial Package, also Free Sample of FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE BUILDER

SHIFTING sands and desert's dust.
Bury cities, forums, fanes,—
Crumbling walls and reigning rust
Hail Oblivion to its gains;
Nineveh is but a dream,—
Babylon, a tale or two;
Yet their cause remains supreme,—
Love, the Builder, builds anew!

Love it was wove Hagar's home,—
Love wrought Memphis, Sidon, Tyre,
Carthage, Troy, and regal Rome,—
Builded them from street to spire;
Time may dim the sacred fire,—
Time may raze the altars too,
Yet comes Love, and Love's desire,—
Love, the Builder, builds anew!

Kings have come and gone, and sleep
One with long-forgotten years;
Owls and bats their vigils keep
Where Time's signet seals and sears;
Yet the Cause which caused at first
Dares Decay its dole to do,—
Laughing, bids Time work his worst,—
Love, the Builder, builds anew!

Garrard Harris